

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.  
PARAPHRASED BY PROFESSOR THOLUCK, OF HALLE.

Our Saviour having spent the night in solitude upon the mount near Capernaum, and the multitude having again assembled around him at the early dawn, he calls forth the twelve, descends along with them to a more level place, takes his seat, forms them into a narrow circle around him, and directing his eyes chiefly to them, but partly also to the larger crowd, he begins to speak.

In order fully to realize the impression of the discourse, we must remember that the scenery around was of the most charming description, resembling the environs of the lake of Geneva. Before him lay the sea of Galilee, encircled by the finest landscapes and fruitful heights—on the north, the snow-clad Hermon—and on the west, the woody Carmel. Add to this, the cloudless sky of the south, and the solemn silence of the early dawn.

MATTHEW, CHAPTER V.

Blessed, he began, are they who feel that they are poor inwardly; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that, under a sense of their poverty, mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they who, conscious of their poverty and distress, are meek and humble; claiming nothing—they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they, the hunger and thirst of whose souls is after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

Blessed are they whom the attainment of righteousness has filled with compassion towards their brethren: for they shall, in their turn, meet with compassion. Blessed are they whose heart has become a pure mirror; for therein shall the divine Being reflect his image. Blessed are they who diffuse around them, in the world the peace which they carry within their own breasts; for they shall be extolled as the children of God, the God of peace.

The world, to be sure, will say, "How blessed are they that, for righteousness' sake, are persecuted upon the earth; they have a home in the kingdom of heaven. Yea, blessed are ye, when men shall revile you to your face in words, and by deeds persecute you, and falsely speak ill of you behind your back, provided that the cause is your union with me. On these occasions rejoice, ye, exult aloud!" The reward destined for you in heaven is great: you thereby join the ranks of those messengers of God, who have gone before you. Let not such treatment drive you into solitude, your vocation is too important.—

What salt is as a seasoning to food, a corrective of its insipidity, and putrefaction, what salt is as a seasoning to a sacrifice for God, that are ye to the world, otherwise the prey of mortal corruption. Were the salt itself to lose its savor, wherewith could it be salted? No longer good for anything, it would have to be cast out from the household, and trodden under foot of men. And so should you also, excluded from God's church, become objects of contempt. What the light of the sun is to this terrestrial world, viz.: the medium of all perception, that are ye to the world spiritual. So exalted is your position, that you mankind; for you are a city situated upon a hill. Having once lighted a candle, the master of the house does not cover it with a bushel, he puts it upon a candlestick, so that it gives light to the whole family. Now, in the same way ought the light imparted to you to shine before all, that your good works may be seen, and that glory may be given to your Father in heaven, who, from the fountain of light, in himself, has imparted the light unto you.

Do not suppose the purpose of my coming to have been to abrogate the law and the prophecies: I have not come to abrogate, but on a far nobler enterprise, to fulfil and realize. For I solemnly assure you, that till the period when the course of the world shall terminate and the heaven and the earth itself shall assume a new form, not even the most minute particular of the law shall perish in an outward way, without the spiritual fulfilment thereof having succeeded into its place. Whosoever, therefore, declares the least of these commandments to be invalid and teaches man so, that man shall be accounted little in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever, conformably to the end and aim of the law, which is but a prefiguration of spiritual blessings, fulfills all in a spiritual way, shall be reckoned great in the kingdom of heaven. Hitherto you have never heard of any other fulfilment of the law, than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, but the man whose righteousness does not exceed theirs, shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

What I mean by this higher fulfilment of the law, I shall explain. When listening to the reading of the law, you have heard that it was said to the ancient race, "Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be amenable to the under court." You have supposed that the transgression of this command begins with the hand being put forth to slay; but I will disclose to you its deeper import. Whosoever is even inwardly angry at his brother (without a cause), is liable to capital punishment by the under court; and

whosoever, giving vent to passion, says to his brother, "Thou simpleton, is liable to be stoned to death by the Sanhedrim. But whosoever, with still stronger passion, says to him, "Godless man, is liable to be burned to death in the vale of Gehenna." Such is the standard by which God shall one day judge the transgression of that commandment! If, then, thou hast violated it, and hast brought thy victim to the altar, and there, on the spot where thou supplicates the pardon of sin, rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, this do, interrupt the service, all-sacred though it be. Let the victim wait, go first of all and seek to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer it, for then only is thy gift acceptable to God. Agree quickly with thine adversary, whilst thou art yet on the way to the court with him; otherwise he may deliver thee up to the judge, and the judge to the officer, and thou mayest be cast into prison. I tell thee, thou shalt not get out thence until thou hast discharged thy debt to the last farthing.

Ye have heard it was commanded, "Thou shalt not commit adultery": and this too, you understand of nothing but the finished act of adultery. But I say unto you, the commandment is transgressed in many other ways besides. He who yields to lust so far as to look upon a woman with intention to gratify his desire, has already in mind committed adultery with her. Thus easy it is to fall into sin. But if what you best love give occasion for you to do so, sacrifice at once: better is it for you to lose the dearest of all you possess, than that your whole man should go to perdition.

It has been declared, "Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorce." Even in this respect ye transgress the law which forbids adultery. For I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, save on the ground of fornication, thereby authorizing her to marry again, causeth her to commit adultery, and whosoever marrieth a woman divorced doth commit adultery. So sacred, according to its original institution, at the creation, (Matt. xix.) is marriage to be reckoned, that, except when dissolved de facto by adultery, nothing but death can separate the parties.

Again ye have heard that it was said to the ancient race, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths." When ye have fulfilled that, ye think ye have done enough for the honor of God, although times without number, ye thoughtlessly use the name of God in true asseverations. But I enjoin upon you a far higher sort of veneration for the Lord your God. Not merely must you, from reverence towards him not swear *falsely*, but not swear in any way. I allude to those oaths which, in common life, ye are accustomed to swear by the creatures—lest ye thereby sin against God. When the creatures possess, and on whose account ye invoke them in your oaths, is derived from him. Accordingly, you must not swear by heaven, for therein is God enthroned, not by the earth for it is his footstool; not by Jerusalem, for the Great King has declared it to be his dwelling place, nay, not even by your head for so much does it belong to him, that thou canst not make one hair white or black. Let your discourse consist in simple affirmation, with yes, or no; for whatsoever is superadded to that, belongs to the kingdom of Satan.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" and this commandment which Moses delivered for the magistracy, you make the rule of your intercourse with your brethren; and when you have restrained the passion of revenge to the point of not retaliating more evil than you have suffered, ye think ye have fulfilled the law of God: but I say unto you, "So far ought you to restrain your passion, as not even to resist evil." Much more, whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. Whosoever begins a law-suit with thee, in order to get possession of thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. Whosoever asseseth thee in a mile, go with him two. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away. So totally ought ye to master your revenge.

Connected with this ye have also heard that it hath been said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy;" but I say unto you, so far must ye rule your hatred as rather to love your enemies; if they curse you, bless them; if they show their hatred to you, do them good; and in case you cannot reach them with your deeds, pray for them who injure and persecute you. In this way ye will show yourselves to be the children of your heavenly Father—for he does good to the wicked and unrighteous, making the beams of his genial sun to rise even on them, and even on them sending the rain from heaven. If ye love them which love you, what is your reward? Is it not that virtue to be met with even among those who, according to your estimate, stand the lowest in the scale of morality—viz.: the publicans? And if to friends alone ye show kindness, is that uncommon?—Do not even the publicans the same? You, however, according to my command, ought to take not publicans and heathens as a model of your perfection; but the perfection of your Father which is in heaven.

WHAT SHALL I THINK ABOUT.  
By the Rev. OLIVER HEYWOOD, B. A., a Puritan writer of the seventeenth century.

The mind is ever active; the thoughts must be occupied either with good or evil. "How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?" To prevent the recurrence of "vain thoughts," and to furnish the mind with materials for good and profitable thinking, the following subjects of meditation are extracted from the treatise entitled "Heart-Treasure."

1. When you awake in the morning, think thus: The great Jehovah can and will as easily raise our mortal bodies, in the general resurrection, as

my frail body now. This sleep is the image of death. Death is but a sleep; the grave my bed; the resurrection the morning. O that when I awake I may be still with God; and then at my last awaking I shall be satisfied with his likeness, and the upright shall have dominion in that blessed morning.

2. When you have had a good night, think: Blessed is the Keeper of "Israel, that neither slumbers nor sleeps;" the "Lord only makes me dwelt in safety;" even "thus he gives his beloved sleep;" and if natural sleep be so refreshing, oh! what is it to be received to the arms of my best-beloved Christ! what enjoyment have those souls that walk all the day in the light of his countenance, and sleep all the night of affliction upon the lap of his love!

3. When you are putting on your apparel, think: How came I to the necessity of covering my nakedness? By Adam's fall, sin ushered in shame; shall I, then, glory in my shame, or be proud of that for which I should be humbled? Oh! rather let me be truly sensible of my spiritual nakedness, and look after the robes of Christ's righteousness to cover my soul's deformity, that the shame thereof may not appear.

4. When you see the morning sky or rising sun, then think: Truly, light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold this sun.—Blessed be God who hath set up this candle, by which poor mortals may see to walk or work; what a dark dungeon and confused chaos would this world be without it! But oh! the blessed mercy we have in the light of the glorious gospel, without which we should be in the darkness of ignorance, and go into utter darkness.

5. When you pray in your chambers, think: Now my Father in heaven sees me in secret; darkness or closeness hides not from him; my God sees the movements of my body, and the imagination of my heart. O for an upright frame of spirit! O that my heart were now seasoned for God all day! The Searcher of hearts will have his eye upon me whithersoever I go. O that I could set the Lord in my sight in all places, companies, and occasions!

6. When your families are together, think: How sadly and suddenly might a breach have been made! O that God should make this image of death a means of life! We are alive, that is rich mercy; we are in health, that is more; we are called together, so will God gather his saints together. How many of this family shall be of this number? Lord, grant that none under my charge may be an Ishmael or an Esau. O that we may all meet in heaven.

7. When you are to read the word, or go to prayer, in your families, think: "Oh! what mercy it is that I may read this blessed book! Lord, open mine eyes, that I may understand the wonders of thy word. What a glorious, glorious, sun of divine truth! on! the mercy of a throne of grace, of a blessed Advocate!" Who knows but some may be touched now, if I pray aright!

8. When you go out of your houses to work or travel, think: The world is full of snares and temptation, and my heart is full of sin and treachery. Little, ah! little do I know what corruptions may break out or afflictions break in upon me before my return; the least occasion of sin may seduce me; the least accident may overthrow me. The Lord bless and preserve my going out and my coming in from this time and of forever.

9. When you are traveling by the way, think: My life is a journey; I am in constant motion towards eternity. Every action is another step; heaven is my home. I can not go thither without diligent exertion; Lord, let me not miss my way, or miscarry in the end; take me by the hand, support me by the Spirit, keep me from fainting, give me some good provision by the way, and bring me to the end of my faith at last, even the salvation of my soul.

10. When you see various objects before your eyes, deduce some holy matter therefrom, as thus: What a vast world is this to the heavens? and what are both earth and heaven to the immense and infinite God? What multitudes of people are there in this city! but, oh! what an assembly shall meet at the great day! O, my soul, are not thou, too, like yonder hard rock, or fruitless tree, or barren mountain! Look about thee; make something of these objects.

11. When you are discoursing with others, think: Of every idle word I must give an account, and in a multitude of words there wanteth not sin. O my soul, think twice, before thou speakest once. Will this be to the glory of God and the edification of others? Let no corrupt communication proceed from thee; say what thou wouldest say if Jesus Christ stood by thee in his human nature; speak here as thou must speak in heaven, or wouldest be found speaking at death.

12. When you are alone, O think: I am now in the presence of the omnipresent God; these are precious hours that go over my head. Why should I squander away my time and thoughts about trifles? Oh! my soul, thou hast a noble faculty of reflection! find work at home; busy thyself about thy soul; thou mayest find work enough. O that I might be never less alone than when alone. When thou hast no creature to converse with, my soul, converse with God.

13. When you eat, think: Oh! how beneficial are the creatures to us living, and how serviceable being dead! they accomplish the end of their creation and appointment. Oh! my soul, sit thou as queen-regent over thy sensual appetite! take heed of excess; put a knife to the throat of intemperate desires; be not brusht by a sinful abuse; be saintlike by a sanctified use of creatures; look up to God for a blessing, else these dead things can not preserve life.

14. When you rise up well refreshed, think: If the creatures be so nourishing and supporting, what is the Creator? Oh! the sweetest of the blessed feast of fat things in the gospel! Oh, the delicacy of the wine in my Father's kingdom! Why should I abuse the gifts, forget the Donor, eat and drink, and rise up to play? Many bot-

ter than I want these refreshments. O for a thankful heart! What a bountiful Master do I serve! What a great house-keeper is the Lord, who provides for so great a family in heaven and earth.

15. When you go to public ordinances, think: Oh, how glad am I when people say, Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord! What a morye is the Sabbath, this sweet day of rest! What a blessed thing to have the benefit of these public places and solemn assemblies! It is a comely sight to see people flocking to ordinances as doves to their windows. Lord, grant that soul's may be caught this day in the net of the gospel. O for a prepared and profiting heart! this may be the last day of grace.

16. When you hear a sermon, think: The preacher comes as an ambassador from God to me; it is God that speaks, the great Jehovah, who can command audience and attendance, with a word can command us into hell-torments. The truths, Oh! my soul, thou art to hear, are words of eternal life, and do nearly concern thy everlasting peace; prepare thyself for the reception of them, slight them not; for aught thou knowest, life or death may depend upon this sermon; heaven or hell is now before thee.

17. When you are to partake of the Lord's supper, think: I am this day to sup with Christ; and have I on my soul a wedding garment? have I an interest in Christ, the maker and substance of this blessed feast? Where is thy appetite, O my soul? Dost thou rightly discern the Lord's body? Rouse up thy faith and love, thy hope and desire; his flesh is meat indeed, his blood is drink indeed; his love is better than wine. Lord, fill and satisfy my famishing soul with spiritual repasts.

18. When you depart from public worship, think thus: Oh! my soul, thy work is not done when public work is over; when that is ended, thou must now begin. Ruminante upon the word; what hast thou got? what light to the understanding? what conviction to thy will? what direction to thy affections? Oh! my soul, look to it; thou art this night either a step near to heaven or to hell; for this day get good, be good, do good, or all these helps will render these inexorable.

19. When you meet with, or part from, your acquaintance, think: If it be so sweet a thing to meet with my dear and long tried friends, how much better it is to meet with God, my best beloved, most loving friend; God is a friend that is nearer than any brother or neighbor: I meet now with friends. O that I knew how to improve their friendship, to get good by them, or do good to them! We must soon part. O that we may meet in heaven at the resurrection of the just!

CONDITION OF THE JEWS.

In all parts of the earth this extraordinary people; whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren, and those who have none, entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff heard these sentiments from their own lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judea, and of their belief to return thither. At Jerusalem they purchase, as it were, one day in the year, of their Mussulman rulers; and being assembled in the valley of Josphaphat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory. Their prayer is now assuming a more penitential gurb; "Already," says Mr. M'Neil, in his excellent lectures on Jewish prophecy, "as we have heard from an eye witness of the interesting scene, some of them assemble on the eve of their Sabbath, under the walls of Jerusalem, where the abomination of desolation still standeth, and chant in mournful melody the lamentations of their Jeremiah, or sing with something like a dawn of hope,

"Lord, build—Lord, build—  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily.  
Lord, build—Lord, build—  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily."

In Poland, the great focus of the Hebrew people, the sentiment is most rife that the time is near at hand for the turning of their captivity; often-times they meet together in their synagogues for humiliation and fasting; and falling on their knees, like Daniel, (6, 10,) with their faces towards Jerusalem, offer these beautiful and touching petitions—

"We are more sinful than any other people, we ought to be ashamed more than any nation; the joy of the Lord is gone from us, our hearts are wounded. Why?—because we have sinned against the Lord. The temple is destroyed; there is no Shechinah abiding among us; we are despised and trodden down by all people. The words of the prophet are fulfilled, that Israel is burned on every side, yet he layeth it not to the world. But now, Lord, look down from Heaven, Thy holy habitation, and cause the Messiah, son of David, speedily to appear, and, according to thy promise, sprinkle clean water upon us, and cleanse us from all our filthiness and from all our idols."

What a marvelous thing, that this despised and degraded people, in their suffering and baseness, should yet be minutely observant of the royal supplication which fell from the lips of Solomon in the palmy days of Jerusalem:

"If thy people betake themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn and pray unto thee in the land of their captivity, saying \* \* \* we have done amiss, we dealt wickedly \* \* \* and pray toward the land

which Thou gavest unto their fathers, and towards the city which Thou hast chosen, and towards the house which I have built for Thy name; then hear Thou from the heavens, even from thy dwelling-place, their prayer and supplication, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people which have sinned against Thee." (2d Chron. 5, 37.)

Though they have seen the temple twice, and the city six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone; for 1800 years the belief has sustained them without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death; and now in the nineteenth century, in the midst of "the march of intellect," what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, "The year that approaches, Oh! bring us to Jerusalem!" This belief has not been begotten and sustained by rabbinical bigotry; for although a fraction of the reformed Jews have excluded from their liturgy every petition for restoration, and even for the coming of the Messiah, yet it prevails more strongly, if possible, among the converts to Christianity. We have now before us a letter from a Hebrew proselyte, dated but a few weeks ago at Jerusalem, which the writer was visiting

## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

From the N. Y. Baptist Register.  
LETTER FROM BR. HAGUE.  
CONSTANTINOPLE, April 8, 1839.

MY DEAR BR. C.—But a few months since you were sitting with me in my parlor conversing on my intended journey. It is, as it seems, but a little while ago, and it is not easy to realize the truth, that, within that brief space, I have passed through France, Italy, and Greece, and have now sojourned ten days in this queen city of the east. I am now in a Turkish steamboat, just about to bid adieu to this most splendid capital, and expect to go up the Danube to Vienna, thence to Trieste, and through Lombardy to Switzerland. As I do not wish to cross the Alps before May, I found at Naples that the facilities of travelling by steam were such that we could extend our journey much more than we had at first expected. As my companion had a touch of fever and ague at Rome, we were advised to delay crossing the Simplon for a few weeks, and hence we were the more disposed to embrace the opportunity to see Constantinople.

I have called the city splendid. This remark, however, applies to scenery as beheld from the waters of the Bosphorus. On a point of land extending into the Bosphorus, separating it from the Golden Horn, Stamboul is placed. On the European side, across the Golden Horn, are Pera and Galata, and on the Asiatic side Scutari.—Stamboul terminates in Seraglio point, and is most distinguished for beauty, most adorned with palaces, gardens, domes, and minarets. As from some lofty hill or tower one looks over this whole scene, having all its grand points within the scope of his vision, he feels that nothing on earth can surpass it in splendor. He feels that he has gazed upon the finest combinations of beauty the world can display. To enjoy it he must be favored with a bright day, and be in a genial mood of mind.—

If, having taken into his memory a picture of this landscape, he could depart without walking through the streets of Constantinople, or knowing anything of its interior, he might sigh through his life for the pleasure of living in such a fairy abode. But to walk through the dirty, ill-paved streets, surrounded with shabby houses, unable to ride except at the risk of your neck, encountering at every step the hosts of dogs which the Mussulman deems so sacred, deprived of society, shut up in your chamber every evening, without a fire to warm your chilled frame, these are the rough realities which check your enthusiasm for the beautiful in nature, and throw a charm around the comforts of western civilization.

The descriptions which I have seen of Constantinople are not adapted to give one a just idea of the kind of beauty to be enjoyed here.—It is the distant view, the water scenery, the 'tout ensemble,' which makes a lasting impression on the mind. But while the exterior is so glorious, the interior is wretched: and I cannot but be amazed to read of the splendid dwellings, marble colonnades, and wonders of art, which I can nowhere find. It seems as if Calvin C. had recorded his dreams and reveries as sober facts.

On Friday I saw the Sultan. He had just returned from the Mosque, and proceeded in his

~~way to be drawn into his second interview of~~

~~the day, and~~

~~received repairs.~~

He is deeply interested in the navy. He walked back and forth, looking at the vessel apparently with great delight. He has

much to excite his pride as he moves along the Golden Horn, reclining in his Caique, for the assemblage of first-rate ships of war there presents a formidable aspect. Our countryman Mr. Rhodes, naval constructor to the Sultan, showed us much attention; the more, perhaps, on his finding that he was a distant relative of A., the link being Mr. R. of Newport. Mr. Rhodes is in high favor with the Sultan. He presides like a sovereign over his own department at the arsenal.—

He had nothing to do with the getting the ship

out of the dock on Friday, but when the Sultan arrived and found that Mr. R. was not there, he caused him immediately to be sent for. Mr. R.'s

first launch enchanted the Sultan, on which occasion he presented him with a snuff-box worth \$500.

Yesterday I preached in the missionary chapel. There are now here, Goodell, Schaufler, Holmes, and Hamlin. Dwight is visiting America. At present they are suffering a suspension of their operations by persecution. The increasing number of the evangelical party alarmed the Patriarch. Several have been banished, and the schools dispersed. They are chiefly employed in translating, printing, and circulating, Bibles and Tracts. I have with me on board some of their Bibles for distribution. They are a good class of men, and appear to work well together.

In Greece I saw our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Pasco, at Athens, on a visit there. Dr. King told me of their expected arrival several days before they came, and I waited for them, or else I should have gone to Patras. As it was, I used the interval in visiting Napoli di Romania, Argos, Mycenae, and Corinth; and left Athens for Smyrna in the same boat which brought them from Patras. They were encouraged respecting the mission. Their house is filled from day to day by visitors seeking books and engaging in conversation. A despotic government, and a jealous hierarchy, prevent the development of the moral results of their labors among the people. Mr. P. has been sick, and is quite weak. Mr. Love has fair health.

Mr. Hill, an Episcopal Methodist, has a fine school of five hundred scholars at Athens. He takes young ladies of the best families to board with him, and to give them an accomplished education. He went to Athens at the right time to establish such an institution, for he could not do now. He is a man of fine spirit—a noble and warm heart.

Dr. R. is about leaving Syria to settle at Constantinople. He said his object would be to conciliate the priests of the Greek church. It would not require any hard compromise of principle for him to do this; for in his view the constitution of that church is just as it ought to be. He feels that the Episcopalian have strong affinities with the Greek church, and he counts on these to do something at Constantinople. But they will avail very little. The Greek priests know no distinction between these foreign teachers. Dr. R. is a high churchman—lays stress on infant church-membership, and would go for a national church. I freely told him that I could rejoice in all the good he could do to individuals, but that I felt

very little interest in any such reform as his principles would work in the Greek church. I may have an opportunity at some time to show you a conversation with him about the Episcopal church and her pretensions, as recorded in my journal. I shall not reach England till the first of June, and am happy to think that I am now on my way home.

Give my regards to Mrs. C., and believe me, as ever, your affectionate friend and brother,

WILLIAM HAGUE.

### CENSOROUSNESS WITH REGARD TO MINISTERS.

"Well, neighbor, I am heartily wearied of this everlasting dingdong upon one subject."

"What subject do you speak of?"

"Why, that on which our minister is always harping; the salvation of souls. I wonder whether he expects to convert sinners by every sermon."

"I don't know about your minister's expectations, but I know that ours gives us altogether too much doctrine."

"Ours," said a third who had just come up, "abounds in exhortation."

"And ours," joined in a fourth, "has by far too much learning. He is not satisfied with telling us the truth, but he must tell us what learned men think about it. I am satisfied with what the Bible says, and have no desire to hear what this or that commentator believes or supposes. I only want the truth."

The company was growing numerous, as important affairs had called them together; but as the time for business had not yet arrived, it was proposed that each one should mention what he liked and what he disliked in the ministerial character, in order that all might agree in what would suit them.

It is unnecessary to detail the petty or the important objections and requisitions of this one and of that, but it was soon apparent that scarcely two would coincide in general opinions, whilst in particulars all were at variance. One wished for learning, another objected to it as confining a pastor to books and preventing his visiting. This wished for doctrine, that for exhortation; another for both; this for long prayers, that for short ones; and the same diversity prevailed with regard to sermons. An inconsiderate individual said something in an undertone about writing a discourse, but such an outcry was raised, that he thought it prudent to recall his suggestion.

Another in a bolder tone asserted, that he had no objection to notes. Many a wry face was made, but he persisted, notwithstanding a beetle-browed, self-taught philosopher muttered something about "a device of Satan, to enable priests to live in idleness." Some of the company were even descending to particulars about the voice, the look, and the manner of a good minister, when it was suggested that as they had already differed about the qualifications of the mind, 'twere of no use to add to the differences by talking of the person.

Every sober man was by this time convinced, that the only circumstance, in which all would be likely to agree, was in finding fault; and one had considerable effect in opening the eyes of the rest.

"Who of this large assemblage," he inquired, "would be likely, with ten years training, to possess the qualifications which would make him acceptable to all of us?" When he saw that they looked around in vain for the man, he added "Let us remember, that ministers are but men; and that their calling to the ministry does not make them a supernatural order of beings. It is the very fact of their being 'earthen vessels,' which should dispose us, while we give the glory of their success to God alone, to sympathize with, and assist them in the arduous duties which they have to perform, rather than, by finding fault, to embarrass their operations, and impair their usefulness.

"Let us remember, besides, my friends, that without a self-devoting zeal, few, possessed of their qualifications, would enter upon their office; for you see, that while each of us, with no greater, perhaps not as great ability, has been growing rich, our pastors have all remained poor."

Whilst he was speaking, the time of business arrived, and gave relief to more than one who had begun to feel rather uncomfortable, as he compared his minister's circumstances with his own, and thought of the previous conversation.—*Baptist Advocate.*

### LETTER FROM A SWEDISH SAILOR TO A MISSIONARY OF THE N. Y. CITY TRACT SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR—Well do I remember, when quite a little boy, in my native land, where spiritual darkness pervades the minds of the people, reading the Tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter." It then left an impression on my mind that has never been worn off, namely, that real religion does not consist in going to the Lord's table in the forenoon of a Sunday, and to the card table in the afternoon. Yea, and many times since then has the Spirit of God been at work at my poor heart, while reading this and other Tracts, which, however, are rather scarce in my country. But having none to care for my soul, I was left to drown convictions in the cares and pleasures of this world, till at length in a sailor's boarding-house in New York I was again called to attend to the affairs of my soul. I shall never forget my feelings when I saw a plainly-dressed gentleman, with his "face shining as it were like an angel," entering amidst a set of beings, fit, only, as I thought, for the lower regions. He gave us Tracts, with a particular invitation to attend church. But did I then turn from my folly? No, no! There were heights and depths of iniquity in my heart which I had not then discovered, but which oft times have been laid open by reading these little Tracts. Often did I resolve to turn to the Lord; but "the fear of man"—the thought that my shipmates would laugh at me, prevented. Among other Tracts that I read, was that called "Joseph Archer." From this I found encouragement to hope for pardon, as well as to take up my cross before my shipmates; and bless the Lord, like him, I have been enabled to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and with the mouth to make confession unto salvation.

Since that time, many have been the happy seasons I have enjoyed, while engaged in the work of my Master distributing Tracts in foreign ports—although frequently threatened with the Calabooze prison, with being cast into the water, with being tarred and feathered. I have been hooted after; called hypocrite, scoundrel, preacher, Methodist, and the like. I have had stones and dirt cast upon me, for such efforts to do good; my hat at different times knocked off my head; and at one time I received a *real good beating*. In all this I have been enabled to rejoice. Why? "Because the love of God has been shed abroad in my heart through the Holy Ghost given unto me." And what yet awaits me I know not, save that "all who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Yea, and herein will I rejoice, "that it is given unto me not only to believe in the Lord Jesus, but also to suffer for his sake." —N. Y. Evangelist.

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every one be actively engaged in the fulfilment of this work? But the remark led to a consideration of the subject thus involved in it. Is it not the fact, in regard to the very large majority of professing Christians, that they would not be missed, except so far as they go to make up a numerical calculation? What great work suffer, if they were to die? What gospel interest or scheme of benefit to man would flag, if they were out of the way? Yet this ought not to be. Every Christian should be filling up an important measure of influence upon the generation in which he moves, to be transmitted to the generation to come after him. It ought to be known and felt by some beside himself, that he has lived in the world, with the use of the amazing privileges of the gospel, and the all-powerful means of benefit, which these privileges confer.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A NEW ARGUMENT.—A correspondent writing from Tennessee, tells us of a preacher, who, in endeavoring to prove that the Saviour was not baptized in the River Jordan, stoutly affirmed that Jordan was the name of a wilderness, and that when the inspired historians say that Christ "was baptized of John in Jordan," the meaning is that he was baptized in a wilderness of that name!! This reminds us of the criticism of some Solomon in the West, or some where else, who had made the discovery that when John baptized the Jews in the River Jordan, he could not have immersed them, because, as they stood in the river, they were therefore partly under the water already! Akin to this is the argument which we have known to be gravely urged by a Doctor in Divinity, that, when it is said that John was baptizing in Enon because there was much water there—the water was wanted not to baptize in, but to give to the people's horses!!!—*Recorder and Watchman.*

### REVIVALS.

From Zion's Advocate and Eastern Baptist.

#### REVIVAL IN FREEPORT.

We have spent a few days in F. where an interesting revival of religion is progressing under the labors of Eld. J. Butler. We are satisfied that very many have been truly converted by the Spirit of God, and made new creatures in Christ. Many of them are heads of families; some have made professions of other sentiments than those which they now seem to admire.—Many of them are young people. The work appears to be a thorough one; and is not attended with any special "noise" or "excitement."—But it is still, solemn, and deep. True, there are some who "mock on," oppose and speak ill of the work. But the Lord is there by the special operations of his Spirit, and truly wonderful is the work. About fifty individuals have entered a hope in the pardoning mercy of Christ, and a large accession has been made to the Baptist church. Brother Butler's labors have been most indefatigable for the last four weeks in this place, in preaching the gospel from house to house, and in the public assembly; and we rejoice in believing that they have been extensively blessed. It is gratifying to learn of this good work, are members of the Sabbath School.—E. R. W.

REVIVAL ON CAPE COD.—The peninsula of Cape Cod in Massachusetts, is a sand barren, but occupied with a dense population, who derive their support almost entirely from the sea. A correspondent of the Boston Recorder gives the following account of a recent revival of religion among this interesting people.—N. Y. O.

In Wellfleet, and South Wellfleet, there has been a very interesting revival. A happy influence in reference to its origin was excited by a meeting of the church in Wellfleet, held for the purpose of considering the question of sailing out of port on the Sabbath. The announcement of such a meeting for such a purpose drew a large part of the church together. Seafaring men gave their views. One weather-beaten mariner after another declared the convictions of guilt they felt, when unconverted, as they pursued their occupation on the Sabbath. One said he had completed his cargo of mackerel regardless of the Sabbath, and was homeward bound, when the thought of God's goodness while he had been violating his holy Sabbath was overwhelming. He could never take another fish on the Sabbath. After a faithful discussion of the above named question, in the church meeting, an unanimous vote was taken against Sabbath sailing. The interest awakened by this discussion was followed by the holy Spirit's power. In both societies in Wellfleet, it is supposed there has not been less than hundred hopeful conversions.—Thirty are heads of families. Interesting letters have been received from some of the converted young men, some of them on distant voyages, exhorting their associates at home to steadfastness in the Christian life. One young man was awakened, by reading the life of Balyburton, published, we believe, by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. Some very hardened and profane persons have become hopeful subjects of grace. Some perhaps in this revival have had deep convictions of their guilt, in treating the cause of Sabbath Schools with so much neglect. Humbling confessions of guilt in this respect, were made by broken hearts.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Christian Secretary.

#### CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.—NO. 1.

"Be not conformed to this world," is a precept that needs to be oft repeated, perhaps, as any one upon the page of inspiration. Conformity to the world is undoubtedly one of the easily besetting sins of Christians, and Christian churches. And were we to institute an inquiry into the causes of the low state of religion in a majority of the churches in this region, at the present time, I think we should find a worldly spirit one of the most prominent. And indeed that alone, when imbibed by Christ's professed disciples, will crush all the energies of the church, and destroy the life and power of vital godliness in their souls.

In penning a few thoughts upon the subject suggested by the caption of this article, I propose to

notice in the first place some of the ways in which Christians are in danger of becoming conformed to the world; and secondly, offer a few reasons why they should guard against such conformity.

1st. Christians are in danger of being too much conformed to the world in their dress, and personal ornaments. And here I would premise that I shall not assume the right of determining what the Christian shall, or shall not, "put on"; neither shall I attempt to prescribe any definite rules to regulate their external appearance, except such as the Bible furnishes. And were Christians to properly regard the language and spirit of the Scriptures upon this subject, though not particularly definite, I think they would be found sufficiently explicit. We could not expect to find in the Bible particular and minute directions respecting our dress, as was given Moses concerning the tabernacle, but its primary principles may be easily applied. Nor are we left without some particular directions. The admonition of the apostle in his instructions to Timothy, are undoubtedly intended for universal application; although he designates a particular sex. For it must be obvious to every one, that modesty and plainness of apparel is most becoming in the Christian, whether male or female; and that all superfluous ornament is inconsistent with the spirit of the scriptures, and prejudicial to the Christian character. Yet it is to be feared that some of the professed followers of Christ take more pains to decorate their bodies than they do to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit. They seem more intent to gratify their vanity, than to bring forth the fruits of the spirit; more solicitous to attract the attention of the world, than to bear the cross and keep Christ's commands. That the unbelieving world should exert themselves to deck their bodies in "costly array"—and adorn their persons with a profusion of ornament, and sacrifice their time and money upon the altar of fashion, is not strange, for they do not profess to be seeking any nobler end. But will the Christian, who is regarded as God's steward, who has publicly renounced the world and its vanities, as an object of pursuit, dare to squander his time and talents on such very trifles? Can the professed worshipper of God consistently bow at the shrine of the world's idol? But it may be asked, how can we escape censure? How shall we avoid conformity to the world, and not be singular? for a studied singularity is perhaps as censorious as entire conformity. What must be our standard? I reply that we can probably adopt no better rule than this,—to study *comfort, convenience, and economy*. By strictly adhering to this rule, we shall avoid the evil of decking ourselves in "costly array," and not sacrifice our personal comfort. We shall not load our persons with expensive garments, or trifling ornaments, while our costume may not be singular or unbecoming. We shall not squander our time or money to imitate the fashions of the world which rapidly pass away, nor shall we studiously disregard them. By observing this rule, (which I think accords with the principles and precepts of the gospel,) we should live in this respect as Christians ought to live, "above the world." Many of the professed disciples of Christ would find more time for the private service of God;—would have ample means to sustain the expenses of religion at home, and to aid in furnishing the destination with the means of salvation. O, shall the Christian, who expects ere long to wear the shining garments of the redeemed, be solicitous to adorn his dying body in earth's gold and purple? Shall the expectant of a crown of glory, toil and pant and sigh for gems and pearls to hang about his tenement of clay?

S. B.

For the Christian Secretary.

July 8, 1839.

#### FOURTH OF JULY IN MYSTIC.

At the recent session of the Stonington Union Association a resolve was passed in favor of a Sabbath School Convention, embracing the schools within the bounds of said Association and vicinity. It was further agreed to hold our first meeting on the 4th of July, in the Mariner's Free Church in this village. Accordingly a number of children, teachers and parents from neighboring churches and schools united with the school here, in all, about 235, to celebrate the day, not with rum and guns, shooting off hands and arms, but in the most solemn and interesting manner.

The order of exercises as follows: Prayer by Mr. Tubal Wakefield, pastor of Church at Packerville, introductory remarks by bro. I. R. Stewart, pastor of 2nd Church in Groton, reading select portions of Scripture by E. Denison, pastor of 3d Church Groton; address to ministers by bro. P. Brocket, pastor of 3d Church N. Stonington, address to parents by bro. A. G. Palmer, pastor of the Church in Westerly, R. I., and bro. I. R. Stewart. Superintendents and teachers were addressed by bro. T. Wakefield, and the children by bro. P. Brocket. We had a recess of one hour, in which time the children partook of some refreshments provided for the occasion. The services of the afternoon were closed with an appropriate sermon from the concluding declarations of Christ's sermon on the Mount, "therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, etc., by bro. John Green, pastor of the seventh day Baptist Church, Hopkinton R. I. Closing prayer by J. G. Wightman, pastor of 1st Church in Groton. I should add that several appropriate hymns were mingled with the services. The whole scene I believe was highly gratifying to the crowd of spectators and especially to the dear children whose benefit was principally designed in the services; they seemed to say "we wish the 4th of July would come every week." We trust such a celebration will give a new impulse to the S

# THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

## CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, JULY 19, 1839.

We have received the Minutes of the Eighteenth Anniversary of the Georgia Baptist Convention, held in Richland, Twigg's co., Geo. It is an interesting document, and gives abundant evidence of the activity and liberality of that body. From this, we learn that the Mercer University is likely to do well. It has a fund of \$100,000, \$50,000 of which is invested in good stock, the rest contained in notes on demand, subscriptions, &c. The Institution is entirely free from debt, and ninety-five students are in attendance in the several departments. We are happy to perceive that our Georgia friends are trying to do something in the cause of Temperance. They recommend a repeal of the law licensing ardent spirits. Hence it is evident they believe that *law* does not make every thing right, and that it is desirable to repeal bad laws as soon as possible. But they ought to go a step further, and insist on the propriety of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. For that which cannot be regulated by law, ought certainly to be abolished. One thing in these Minutes has struck us strangely. It is the following. "Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to make inquiry respecting the practicability of affording oral religious instruction to the colored people in our State, and to make such arrangements as their means and information will permit." So then in Georgia, a civilized and Christian country, they are merely inquiring into the practicability of affording religious instruction to the colored people. It hence follows that the colored people are destitute even of oral religious instruction, and a christian convention have appointed a committee to inquire into the practicability of giving them such instruction. Very laudable certainly, but very wonderful! Besides, they do not propose to inquire into the practicability of teaching them the word of God, but only of giving oral instruction. We wonder if the Saviour would approve this. But half a loaf is better than none, even if that half is a little tainted by improper admixtures. And we do hold that the only pure and perfect vehicle of the mind of God is his own word. And while oral instruction is all very well, yet it is a poor and imperfect method of making known the truth. We do not believe in the old Catholic doctrine of withholding the Bible from the laity, black or white, bond or free. The Bible translated—the Bible read, studied, and inwardly digested, is the religion of protestants.

While we make these remarks, we beg to say that we are gratified to see any thing done for the colored people in the South. Our brethren there are environed with difficulties; and we dare say "they groan, being burdened." We trust, however, the time will soon come when every man in our land shall not only hear the truth from the lips of the preacher, but read in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

**THE THOUSAND DOLLARS' SCHEME.**—We publish the following list of subscribers to the plan of raising a thousand dollars for Connecticut Literary Institution. Why is it that more names are not handed in? What do the friends in this city and in other places intend to do? We have no time to lose, and if we would not extinguish a noble and generous effort, in its very conception, we must be "up and doing."

Charles W. Denison,	one share	\$10
Robert Turnbull,	" "	"
E. L'H. Chamberlain,	" "	"
Russel Jennings,	" "	"
Robert Frances,	" "	"
Nathan Wildman,	" "	"
Alv. Gregory,	" "	"
Wm. H. Shaler,	" "	"
C. C. Williams,	" "	"
Edward Bolles,	" "	"
J. B. Gilbert,	" "	"
George Mitchell,	five shares	\$50
J. G. Collom,	one "	\$10
G. W. Eaton,	" "	"
A. D. Watson,	" "	"
Nathan E. Shaler,	" "	"
B. Cook, Jr.	" "	"
Geo. B. Atwell,	" "	"
John Paine,	" "	"
Charles Willit,	" "	"
David Avery,	" "	"
Wm. Read,	" "	"
H. R. Knapp,	" "	"
Geo. Read,	five "	\$50
Henry Wooster,	one "	\$10
Bloomfield Church,	" "	"

—Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears."

**CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.**—A correspondent has commenced in this number of the Christian Secretary, a series of brief articles on this interesting subject. We regret however that he has begun with the matter of dress as it were the first and most prominent manifestation of this evil. A discussion of this point, would have been very suitable in some part of his series; but here it seems out of place; for in our estimation it is comparatively a small matter, when viewed in connexion with other and more monstrous shapes in which conformity to the world appears. We know hundreds, whose worldliness, in its more selfish and systematized forms, is sufficiently obvious, who care nothing at all about dress, who in fact are slovenly in their appearance, and dress with meanness. It is the love of gold—of political distinction—of ease, of sensual gratification, the indulgence of pride—of selfishness, and extortion in which conformity to the world chiefly manifests itself. We ought perhaps to go deeper even than this, and ascertain the great elementary principle of this evil, in the sympathy which professors cherish with the skepticism of the world,—with their disbelief or doubt of God, of holiness, of justice, of heaven and hell,—in their want of spirituality, their neglect of prayer, their contempt for pure and spiritual religion; in their sympathy with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life."

**PHRENOLOGY IN THE FAMILY.** Or the Utility of Phrenology in Early Domestic Education. By Joseph A. Warne, A. M.

In noticing this book, we do not feel ourselves under any necessity of discussing the merits of Phrenology. We are not competent to speak dogmatically upon the subject; for we have not given it that thorough investigation which would entitle us to do so. Nor would it be necessary, in this instance, as the principles developed and applied in the volume before us may be true, even if phrenology be, in some respects, false. We think it cannot be denied that this science, as we venture to call it, from deference to the distinguished men who advocate its claims, has a basis of truth, even though it may be doubted whether all its principles, and details are founded upon facts, or correctly deduced from elementary

principles. That the mind has a great variety of independent powers; that the brain and nervous system is the principal organ of the mind,—in other words that by which the mind is manifested; that the brain is not a unit, but probably a congeries of organs; and that there is some general correspondence between the conformation of the brain and the susceptibilities and powers of the mind,—cannot be well doubted. And for our part we think it would be better to investigate phrenology than to sneer at it. We learn that the Mercer University is likely to do well. It has a fund of \$100,000, \$50,000 of which is invested in good stock, the rest contained in notes on demand, subscriptions, &c. The Institution is entirely free from debt, and ninety-five students are in attendance in the several departments. We are happy to perceive that our Georgia friends are trying to do something in the cause of Temperance. They recommend a repeal of the law licensing ardent spirits. Hence it is evident they believe that *law* does not make every thing right, and that it is desirable to repeal bad laws as soon as possible. But they ought to go a step further, and insist on the propriety of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. For that which cannot be regulated by law, ought certainly to be abolished. One thing in these Minutes has struck us strangely. It is the following. "Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to make inquiry respecting the practicability of affording oral religious instruction to the colored people in our State, and to make such arrangements as their means and information will permit." So then in Georgia, a civilized and Christian country, they are merely inquiring into the practicability of affording religious instruction to the colored people. It hence follows that the colored people are destitute even of oral religious instruction, and a christian convention have appointed a committee to inquire into the practicability of giving them such instruction. Very laudable certainly, but very wonderful! Besides, they do not propose to inquire into the practicability of teaching them the word of God, but only of giving oral instruction. We wonder if the Saviour would approve this. But half a loaf is better than none, even if that half is a little tainted by improper admixtures. And we do hold that the only pure and perfect vehicle of the mind of God is his own word. And while oral instruction is all very well, yet it is a poor and imperfect method of making known the truth. We do not believe in the old Catholic doctrine of withholding the Bible from the laity, black or white, bond or free. The Bible translated—the Bible read, studied, and inwardly digested, is the religion of protestants.

Upon the whole we can decidedly approve of this work. It must do good, if perused with a philosophical and candid spirit. Mr. Warne's remarks upon the proper mode of teaching children religious truth, and bringing them to a compliance with the requisitions of the Gospel are highly valuable. They deserve the most serious consideration, as upon this subject gross errors, and still grosser practices prevail. We make a single extract from the volume upon this subject.

Probably every one will readily acknowledge that real religion consists in supreme love to God, and such a course of conduct as will arise from that single source. In the religious education of a child, then, the great object contemplated by a parent, is to inspire such a love to Him. It is love which produces love, according to a common adage; or, more properly, it is *loveliness* which produces it. Accordingly, the loveliness of the divine character should be brought before the child, in order to awaken his affection. But this is the actual course, in the religious training of a child? Very far from it. Instead of this, it is usual to make such displays of the character of God as are calculated to excite scarcely any feelings but those of terror and alarm: i. e. in the attempt to inspire love to God, in the bosom of a child, and with the intention too, that such shall be the result, measures are actually taken, the most naturally adapted to prevent that result, and produce exactly the opposite one. We can, it is true, account satisfactorily to ourselves, for the adoption of this mode of procedure; but this does neither annihilate the evil, nor lessen it; and we should feel little inclination to unravel the *philosophy* of so unphilosophical a course, were it not for the hope that the exhibition of the evil may have a tendency to diminish it.

Pious parents and teachers desire for their children and pupils, above all things, that they should become the subjects of real religion. They consider, too, that since religion is nothing, unless it has the dominion in the soul, they must labour to invest it with the dominion: and accordingly, that they must address the most powerful feelings of the child, and enlist them on the side of religion and of God, in order to accomplish this object. Now, they are conscious that one of the most powerful feelings, in themselves, is fear, i. e. excited Caution; and also, that it is when they make appeals to the same feeling in their children, (i. e. when they threaten to punish them) that they are most successful in securing obedience to their own commands; therefore, as they think religion to consist in obedience to God, they conclude that obedience to *Him* will be most effectually secured by an appeal to the same feeling, as produces obedience to them. Hence they make very early, and perhaps some of their very earliest and strongest appeals to Caution; and exhibit to their children, almost wholly, those attributes, and those acts, of the Creator, which shall awaken their fears:—viz: his terrors; the "fire and brimstone, and horrible tempest" of the world of despair, &c. &c. If

\*This passage may be found in the Episcopal Prayer Book, but not in the Bible.

—Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears."

**A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.**—*Mr. Editor.*—Will you have the kindness to insert in the next number of the Watchman, the accompanying communication, and thus oblige a member of the Corresponding Committee of the English Baptist Union. Editors of Baptist papers throughout the United States are respectfully requested to transfer it to their columns, and thus aid a well intended effort.

lines, the nurse told me, sounded more sweetly than any thing she ever heard—they were

"We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high."

May we not imagine that she was then enjoying a foretaste of the happiness she was soon to realize. When I went in the morning, she welcomed me with a sweet smile, and said she felt "a great deal better," an expression which she had never before used. I was not for a moment deceived; a change had evidently taken place, and I felt my heart sick at the conviction which I had hitherto striven against, that we must lose her. Throughout the day her mind was wandering, which it had never been before, still there was nothing distressing about it; all her imaginings were of a pleasurable nature and she knew every one about her. She slept gradually through the day, and at half-past 11 at night fell asleep in Jesus. I was forcibly reminded of the hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Not one struggle, not one long breath, but quietly and sweetly, as an infant falling to sleep, did she pass. Though holding her hand in mine, I was for some time unconscious that she had left us. Almost her last words were in answer to a question of how the Saviour now appeared to her? "Chiefest among ten thousand, altogether lovely." The funeral took place the next afternoon.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

From the Baptist Banner.

THEATRE.

We quote from one of the city papers an account of a shocking occurrence which took place in the Louisville theatre on Friday night of last week:

"*Melancholy accident at the Theatre.*—On Friday evening during the performance of the French Spy, in which Mademoiselle Celeste appeared for the first time this season on our boards, immediately after the dropping of the curtain in the second act, Mr. Webb, the manager, came in front of the stage to state that an unfortunate accident had just happened to one of the performers, and requesting, if a surgeon was present, that he would come behind the scenes to afford assistance. Two or three professional gentlemen attended the call, but very soon returned, stating privately that Mr. Lowe a young comedian who had been playing the comic soldier in the piece, had accidentally stumbled on going to the side scenes, after the dropping of the curtain, and fallen on the point of his bayonet, which penetrated his left side under the ribs, at least six inches into the diaphragm, causing his death in ten or twelve minutes. This, of course, caused a great shock to the performers, and cast a gloom over every one who knew the fact; but the fatal consequence of the accident not having been announced to the audience, the performances were suffered to go on, though it is believed, had been announced, every one would have excused the continuance of the entertainments under such circumstances.

"Mr. Lowe, we understand, was from Schenectady, in the state of New-York, and was scarcely twenty years of age. He had been lately playing in the Natchez theatre, and had not been more than three or four days in our city. He was remarkable for a lively, cheerful disposition, and so playful in his manners as to be considered the life and soul in whatever company he attached himself to.

"The apparently trivial cause of the accident at first made those nearest to him think he was only joking when he exclaimed that he had accidentally killed himself; but when he staggered and pulled out the blood-stained bayonet, every one about him became appalled, particularly as he instantly fell, and, writhing in agony, became speechless; death speedily releasing him from his brief sufferings. Never was there a more striking illustration of that beautiful passage in scripture—"in the midst of life we are in death."

The above needs no comment. The fact that the play was carried on after this fatal accident—that the melancholy event was not announced to the audience, and that this comedy was still played while the boards of the theatre yet smoked with the life's blood of one of the performers, while his lifeless corpse was yet in the house, and ere his death groans had scarcely ceased; is a commentary upon the morality of the stage, and upon the brutality of those engaged in that business, which ought to sink deep into every heart.—That such monsters—so callous to every feeling which ennobles humanity—should receive countenance and support from the enlightened and high minded inhabitants of this city, we confess, is truly astonishing. Yet such is the fact. These persons are drawing thousands of dollars from the pockets of our citizens, while hundreds of indigent widows and orphans are suffering for the necessities of life.

"The theatre was, from the very first, The favorite haunt of sin, though honest men, Some very honest, wise, and worthy men, Maintained it might be turned to good account; And so perhaps it might, but never was. From first to last it was an evil place; And now such things are acted there as make The devils blush!"

\*This passage may be found in the Episcopal Prayer Book, but not in the Bible.

From the Christian Watchman.

**A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.**—*Mr. Editor.*—Will you have the kindness to insert in the next number of the Watchman, the accompanying communication, and thus oblige a member of the Corresponding Committee of the English Baptist Union. Editors of Baptist papers throughout the United States are respectfully requested to transfer it to their columns, and thus aid a well intended effort.

LONDON, June 7, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER,—We are directed to forward to you the following resolutions unanimously adopted at the annual meeting of the Baptist Union, held in New Park Street Chapel, the 1st of May; the Rev. Thomas Swan, of Birmingham, in the Chair. Your past kindness in serving the Union, assures us of your readiness to give this resolution all the publicity in your power.

We are, dear brother, very cordially yours,

W. H. MURCH, D. D.

JOSEPH BELCHER,

EDWARD STEANE.

"Resolved, That this Union desire to repeat their deepest regret that so many of the churches of Jesus Christ in America should continue to sanction, either directly, or indirectly, a system so manifestly hostile to the improvement of mankind, so destructive to social happiness, and so utterly abhorrent from the spirit and precept of the Christian religion than that of slavery. They, therefore, solemnly beseech their transatlantic brethren at large, and the members of their own body in particular, that laying aside the prejudices incident to their circumstances, and the maxims of a temporizing and carnal policy, they will forthwith address themselves, in a spirit of impartiality and prayer, to the calm consideration of the enormous guilt and fearful peril of refusing any longer to come forth to the help of the Lord against this mighty and crying evil."

Mrs. Elizabeth Meigs, of New Britain, says the Hartford Patriot, a lady 84 years of age, during the year 1838, knit forty-eight pairs of stockings and footed up ten pairs, besides knitting seven pairs of mittens and two night caps. She also during the same time pieced two bed quilts, one of which contained 2601 pieces of one and a half inch square; all of which was done with her own hands for her friends and needy acquaintances without any compensation. She is a pious, worthy old lady, the widow of a Revolutionary officer, and a connexion of the old Postmaster General Meigs. Besides accomplishing such an amount of labor, she is in the habit of daily devoting an hour or two to reading.

On the 8th inst., the house of Mr. Gamwell in Worcester, Ms., was struck by lightning, and his wife instantly killed.

## SEVERE THUNDER AND HAIL STORM—DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated

BRATTLEBORO, July 13, 1839.

"We arrived here last evening, and encountered a severe thunder storm on the road from Westfield to Northampton; the rain deluged the earth, and the vivid flashes of lightning immediately succeeded by crashes of thunder, followed each other in rapid succession; the scene was truly grand and terrific. I do not recollect ever having witnessed a storm more

to the knife. The monster with whom we have to contend is hydra-headed; and it will therefore require the concentrated and well directed energies of all the friends of temperance to effect his final and complete overthrow.

Let us not be charged in our advocacy of this cause, with using overstrained and intemperate language.—It is not against measures or against men, we write; but it is against crying evil, with which Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, has been deluged; with which Britain, from John O'Groats to Land's End, has been smitten. Overstrained and intemperate language, forsooth! A pen dipped in the sulphurous lake, and guided by an angel hand, would be inadequate to describe the horrors of intemperance, or to paint it in colors sufficiently glowing the woes which it inflicts. Our danger lies not in being too severe, but in being too tame. No figures which the English vocabulary affords, can embody one-half the intensity of our feeling, or can convey any thing like an adequate idea of our burning indignation against this monster vice. The youth seduced from the paths of sobriety and religion by this ensnaring evil—the family converted into a scene of desolation by the inebriety of a husband or a wife, a son, or even a daughter—the man of genius flying to the bottle under the pressure of outward calamities, occasioned, perhaps, by his merit being overlooked—the inmates of our hospitals bowed beneath the horrors of delirium tremens, or of assylums suffering a partial or a total eclipse of the noblest part of our nature—the victim of his country's laws, addressing an insensate and brutal mob, and telling them that intemperance led to the crime which he is about to expiate upon the scaffold; these, to say nothing of the darker and deeper woes which

"That day

For which all other days were made,  
Great day of dread, decision, and despair," will disclose, are sufficient to enlist the sympathies and exertions of every patriot, philanthropist, and Christian, and to justify us in the severest terms of reprobation which language can supply.

Not a single motive to union, perseverance, or zeal, is wanting. The cries of the orphan, reduced to his present extremity by the inebriety of his parents—the tears of the widow, shed over one who has sunk into a drunkard's grave—the groans of the captive, whose deprivation of liberty is to be traced to his love for strong drink—the wild glare of the maniac, the light of whose reason has been blotted out by an unrestrained indulgence of the intoxicating bowl—the haunts of vice, the dens of infamy, "the breathing holes of hell," with which our cities and towns are polluted, and by which our sons and daughters are degraded and ruined—the interests for time and eternity of twenty millions and upwards of British subjects—the welfare of our colonies, the success of our missions, the salvation of a lost and ruined world—these, all these, conspire to raise the shout onward—onward—still onward—still onward—and your work is done.

Nay, more; God himself calls upon you to labor, directs you to take the field at once—

## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

### POETRY.

#### "ASLEEP IN JESUS."

This simple, but expressive sentence is inscribed on a tomb-stone in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire, and gave rise to the following verses :

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet!  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear—no woe shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me!  
May such a blissful refuge be:  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Debars this precious "hiding place":  
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
They kindred and their graves may be:  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### MOUNT VERNON.

"He might have been a king,  
But that he understood  
How much it was a meaner thing  
To be unjustly great than honorably good."  
*Duke of Buckingham on Lord Fairfax.*

On the third of February I visited Mount Vernon, in company with a large party of gentlemen and ladies. Of all places in America, the family seat and burial place of Washington is that which strangers are most eager to visit. I was introduced by Judge Story to the resident family, and was received by them, with all my companions, with great civility and kindness.

The estate of Mount Vernon was inherited by General Washington from his brother. For fifteen years prior to the first general Congress in Philadelphia, Washington spent his time chiefly on this property, repairing to the provincial legislature when duty called him there, but gladly returning to the improvement of his lands. The house was in those days a very modest building, consisting of only four rooms on a floor, which form the centre of the present mansion. Mrs. Washington resided there during the ten years' absence of her husband in the wars of the Revolution; repairing to head-quarters at the close of each campaign, and remaining there until the opening of the next. The departure of an aid-de-camp from the camp to escort the General's lady was watched for with much anxiety as the echoes of the last shot of the campaign died away; for the arrival of "Lady Washington" (as the soldiers called her) was the signal for the wives of all the general officers to repair to their husbands in camp. A sudden cheerfulness diffused itself through the army, when the plain chariot, with the postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was seen to stop before the General's door. Mrs. Washington was wont to say, in her latter years, that she had heard the first cannon at the opening and the close of every campaign of the Revolutionary war. She was a strong minded even tempered woman; and the cheerfulness of her demeanor, under the heavy and various anxieties of such a lot as hers, was no mean support to her husband's spirits, and to the bravery and hopefulness of his whole army, whose eyes were fixed upon her. She retired from amid the boms of the camp with serene composure, when the fatigues and perils of warfare had to be resumed and hid her fears and cares in her retired home. There she occupied herself industriously in the superintendence of her domestics, and in striving to stop the ravages which her husband's public service was making in his private fortune.

After the peace of 1783 she was joined by her husband, who made a serious pursuit of laying out gardens and grounds round his dwelling, and building large additions to it. He then only enjoyed four years of quiet, being called in 1787 to preside in the Convention which framed the Constitution, and in 1789 to fill the Presidential chair. Mrs. Washington was now obliged to leave the estate with him, and it was eight years before they could take possession of it again.—In 1797 Washington refused to be made President for a third term, and retired into as private a life as it was possible for him to secure. Trains of visitors sought him in his retreat, and Mrs. Washington's accomplishments, as a Virginia housewife, were found useful every day; but Washington was at home, and he was happy. In a little while he was once more applied to to serve the State at the head of her armies. He did not refuse, but requested to be left in peace till there should be actual want of his presence. Before the time had arrived he was no more.—Two years after his retirement, while the sense of the enjoyment of repose was still fresh, and his mind was full of such schemes as delight the imagination of country gentlemen, death overtook him, and found him, though the call was somewhat sudden, ready and willing to go. In a little more than two years he was followed by his wife. From the appearance of the estate, it would seem to have been going to decay ever since that time.

Our party, in three carriages, and five or six on horseback, left Washington about 9 o'clock and reached Alexandria in about an hour and a half, though our passage over the long bridge which crosses the Potomac was very slow, from its being in a sad state of dilapidation. Having ordered a late dinner at Alexandria, we proceeded on our way, occasionally looking behind us at the great dome of the Capitol, still visible above the hills which border the gray, still Potomac, now stretching cold amid the wintry landscape. It was one of the coldest days I ever felt, the biting wind seemed to eat into one's very life.—The last five miles of the eight which lie between

Alexandria and Mount Vernon, wound through the shelter of the woods, so that we recovered a little from the extreme cold before we reached the house. The land appears to be quite impoverished; the fences and gates in bad order; much of the road was swampy, and the poor young lambs shivering in the biting wind, seemed to look round in vain for shelter and care. The conservatories were almost in ruins, scarcely a single glass being unbroken; and the house looked as if it had not been painted for years. Little negroes peeped at us from behind the pillars of the piazza as we drove up. We alighted in silence, most of us being probably occupied with the thought of who had been there before us; what crowds of the noble, the wise, the good, had come hither to hear the living voice of the most unimpeachable of patriots. As I looked up I almost expected to see him stand in the door-way. My eyes rested on the image of his remarkable countenance in every house I entered; and here, in his own dwelling, one could not but look for the living face with something more than the eye of the imagination. I cared far less for any of the things which were shown me in the house than to stay in the piazza next the garden, and please looking abroad over the beautiful river, and pleasure his eye with a far different spectacle from that of camps and conventions.

Many prints of British landscapes, residences and events, are hung up in the apartment. The ponderous key of the Bastile still figures in the hall; in extraordinary contrast with every thing else in the republican residence. The Bible in the library is the only book of Washington's now left. The best likeness of the great man, known to all travellers from the oddness of the material on which it is preserved, is to be seen here, sanctioned thus by the testimony of the family.—The best likeness of Washington happens to be on a common pitcher. As soon as this was discovered, the whole edition of pitchers was bought up. Once or twice I saw the entire vessel locked up in a cabinet, or in some such way secured from accident; but most of its possessors have, like the family, cut out the portrait and had it framed.

The walk planned and partly finished, during Washington's life, the winding path on the verge of the green slope above the river, must be very sweet in summer. The beauty of the situation of the place surprised me. The river was nobler, the terrace finer, and the swelling hills around more varied than I had imagined; but there is a painful air of desolation over the whole. I wonder how it struck the British officers in 1814, when in passing up the river on their bandit expedition to burn libraries and bridges, and raze Senate chambers, they assembled on deck, and uncovered their heads as they passed the silent dwelling of the great man who was not there to testify his disgust at the service they were upon. If they knew what it was that they were under orders to do, it would have been creditable to them as men to have mutinied in front of Mount Vernon.

The old tomb from which the body of Washington has been removed ought to be obliterated or restored. It is too painful to see it as it is now, the brick work moulder, and the paling broken and scattered. The red cedars still overshadow it, and it is a noble resting place. Every one would mourn to see the low house destroyed, and the great man's chamber of dreamless sleep made no longer sacred from the common tread; but now thing is better than the air of neglect which now wounds the spirit of the pilgrim. The body lies with that of Judge Washington, in a vault near, in a more secluded but far less beautiful situation than that on the verge of the Potomac. The river is not seen from the new vault, and the erection is very sordid. It is of red brick, with an iron door, and looks more like an oven than any thing else, except for the stone slab, bearing a funeral text, which is inscribed over the door. The bank which rises on one side is planted with cedars, pines, and a sprinkling of beech and birch, so that the vault is overshadowed in summer, as the places of the dead should be. The President told me that the desolation about the tomb was a cause of uneasiness to himself and many others; and that he had urged the family, as the body had been already removed from its original bed, to permit it to be interred in the centre of the Capitol. They very naturally clung to the precious possessions; and there is certainly something much more accordant with the spirit of the man, in a grave under the tiles of his own home than in a magnificient shrine; but however modest the tomb may be—it is only such a green hillock as every rustic lies under—it should bear tokens of reverence. The grass and shade which he so much loved are the only ornaments needed; the absence of all that can offend the eye and hurt the spirit of reverence is all that the patriot and pilgrim require.

Before we reached the crazy bridge, which it had been difficult enough to pass in the morning, the sweet Potomac lay in clear moonshine, and the lights around the Capitol twinkled from afar. On arriving at our fireside, we found how delightful a total change of mood sometimes is. Tea, letters, and English newspapers awaited us; and they were a surprising solace, chilled and feverish as we were with the intense cold and strong mental excitement of the day.

#### THE POLITICIAN.

BY CHANNING.

I do not say, that you must take no side in politics. The parties which prevail around you, differ in character, principles and spirit, though far less than the exaggeration of passion affirms; and as far as conscience allows, a man should support that which he thinks best. In one respect, however all parties agree. They all foster the pestilential spirit which I now condemn. In all of them, party spirit rages. Associate men together for a common cause, be it good or bad, and array against them a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest, and a new passion, quite distinct from the original sentiments which brought them together, a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them, is roused within them into fearful activity. Human nature seems incapable of a stronger, more unrelenting passion. It is hard enough for an individual, when contending all alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride,

wilfulness, love of victory, and other personal feelings. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and without singular self control, he receives into his single breast the vehemence and obstinacy and vindictiveness of all. The triumph of his party becomes immeasurably dearer to him than the principle true or false, which was the original ground of division. The conflict becomes a struggle, not for principle, but for power for victory; and the desperation, the wickedness of such struggles, is the great burden of history. In truth, it matters little what men do divide about whether it be a foot of land or precedence in a procession. Let them but begin to fight for it, and self will, ill will, the rage for victory, the dread of mortification and defeat, makes the strife as weighty as a matter of life and death. The Greek or Eastern empire was shaken to its foundation by parties, which differed only about the merits of charioteers at the amphitheatre. Party spirit is singularly hostile to moral independence. A man, in proportion as he drinks into it, sees, hears, judges by the senses and understanding of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions, with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring. On all points parties are to be distrusted; but on no one so much as on the character of opponents. These, if you may trust what you hear, are always men without principle or truth, devoured by selfishness, and thirsting for their own elevation, through their country's ruin.—When I was young I was accustomed to hear pronounced with abhorrence, almost with execration, the names of men, who are now hailed by their former foes as the champions of grand principles and as worthy of the highest public trusts. This lesson of early experience, which latter years have corroborated, will never be forgotten.

#### ASPIRATIONS OF MIND.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

Fix thine eye upon a star, in the infinite distance and depth of heaven. What beam is that which visiteth thee from far! If I were to pause now, for the brief space of only eight minutes, a ray from the sun world, in that brief interval, have traversed about an hundred millions of miles to reach us! What beam, then, is that which visiteth thee from far, far beyond the precincts of solar day? Through the slow revolutions of years—I speak the astronomical fact; for aught thou knowest, before thou wast created—I speak the astronomical doubt; for aught thou knowest, before the world was created, that ray of light left its native sphere, and, through distances awful and inconceivable—through the silent lapse and slow revolution of years unknown, that ray of light has been travelling onward and onward, till it has fallen upon thy poor weak sense. Now follow it back, on the line of its immeasurable progress, to its original sphere, its home, which it hath left to reach thee; and does thy mind stop there? no; nor there, nor anywhere does it stop, but beyond, and beyond, to infinity, to eternity, it wanders; and can that mind say that it is "well enough" in a land of earthly comfort, and a few worldly possessions? Can the soul, that spans the universe, and measures ages, be content with a grain of sand upon this shore of time? No; hold thou the measureless ocean in the hollow of thy hand, and then mayest thou curb the swellings of thought, passion, and desire, to that narrow compass. Garner up treasures of infinite worlds in thy coffin, and then mayest thou lock up in that coffer the affections that are expanding to the grasp of infinity. No, mistaken soul! thine eye spans the arch of heaven—they soaring thought rises to the eternal stars; thine aim must be broad and boundless as those pathways of heaven. As surely as thou livest, thou must live religiously, virtuously, wisely. Life is an argument for piety. Sense is a good guide to faith. Time should bear our thoughts, as it is bearing our souls, to eternity!

**SLANDER BOOK.**—While in the town of —, I was struck with the above words, written on the back of a small black account book. I found on examining the contents, that different persons were charged with so much for one or two slanders, as the case might be. The accounts were very neatly and correctly kept, credits entered, &c., with as much precision as the merchant keeps his books. Upon inquiry I was informed that this plan, (of fining people for slander,) originated with M—, the daughter of the man at whose house the book was seen, to prevent evil speaking and its consequences. She is a girl of 12 or 13 years old, perceiving the evil of slander, the many interruptions produced in families and neighborhoods, obtained a blank book, and determined to fine every person, who slandered or spoke evil of another in her presence. The money thus collected to be applied to benevolent purposes. She gave me four dollars, a donation to the Missionary Society of the — Conference, part of her collections only for a few months. It is very desirable and commendable, that every family have such a book, and enter into such a compact—because:

1. The money thus collected is to be appropriated to a most noble purpose.

2. It would make people, and especially the members of every family, more circumspect, and watch more diligence and care over that little member, which no man can tame; and thereby prevent much slander and evil speaking, which is the cause, no doubt, of half of the broils and animosities which occur in families and neighborhoods.

**IMPORTANT INVENTION.**—The editor of the New York Observer, Sidney E. Morse, Esq., embellished his last sheet with a beautiful map of Connecticut—the first fruits of a new method of engraving invented by himself. The editor of the Journal of Commerce, who has been favored with information on the subject not possessed by ourselves, does not hesitate to express his belief that it will revolutionize the business of engraving in several of its branches, and particularly in that of map making. "The map of Connecticut above referred to (says the Journal) is done in a style quite superior to that of a common wood engraving; yet it by no means reaches the full powers of the new art. One great advantage which

enables the artist to insert as many names, roads, &c., as can be done by copper plate engraving; as many, in short, as there is room for on the map. Necessity was the mother of this invention, as of many others. Mr. Morse was engaged in preparing maps to accompany his Observer."—N. Y. Whig.

**ANECDOTE.**—As deacon A—, on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor B—, the latter was chopping wood and thrashing his hands at his door. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldnt you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon—"I don't care if I do!"

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the wag, "I merely asked for information.—We havn't a drop of rum in the house!"—Exeter Newsletter.

#### WANTED,

**50,000 Sheep and Lamb skins in exchange for cash,** at No. 24 Elm street, 40 rods west Stone Bridge, Hartford.

WATERMAN & ARNOLD.

Hartford, July 4, 1839. 3m16

#### A NEW, CURIOUS & IMPORTANT BOOK.

**THE CONVERT'S GUIDE TO FIRST PRINCIPLES:** or Evangelical Truth sustained by the united testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ, the holy Apostles and our Pedo-baptist brethren; compiled by I. Robards, pastor of the first baptized church, New Haven, Ct.

The subject matter of the work is as follows;

**THE COVENANTS.**—Covenant of Redemption; Covenant of Grace; Covenant of Circumcision; The Moasic Covenant.

**THE CHURCH OF GOD.**—Christ's Priesthood not Jewish; The Jewish Church and the Church of God not one and the same; The origin of the Arians; Pagan Persecutions; The origin of the Roman Catholics and Papal persecutions; The origin of the Lutherans; The origin of the Presbyterians; The origin of the Congregationalists; The origin of the Episcopalians; The origin of the Methodists; The origin of the Baptists.

**SUBJECTS OF BAPTISM.**—The Baptism of John; The Baptism of our Saviour; John's Baptism and Christian Baptism the same; The Baptism of the Apostles; The origin of Infant Baptism; The evils of Infant Baptism.

**THE ACTION OF BAPTISM.** (prepositions).—Mosaic Baptisms; The waters of Palestine; The origin of Sprinkling; Versions of the Bible; Direct arguments for Immersion; Lexicons; The classic use of *Bapt.*; The classic use of *Baptizo*; The Sacred use of *Bapt.*; The Sacred use of *Baptizo*; Baptism; The Savior's Baptism an example for believers; Baptism a saving ordinance.

**THE LORD'S SUPPER.**—Infant Communion; Scotch Churches Close Communion; Saybrook Platform; The Baptists persecuted in America; The Church of England Close Communion; The Methodist Close Communion; The Scriptures prove Close Communion; Pedobaptist objections answered.

**BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.**

For Sale at Canfield & Robins, Hartford; R. Nott's, Cornhill and Chapel Church St. New Haven; J. S. Taylor's Book Store, Brick Church, N. York; Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, Boston; Price 75 cents.

#### VINDICATION OF THE BAPTISTS.

**THE Vindication of the Baptists from the charge of bigotry, and of embarrassing missionary operations by translating and refusing to transfer in one of their versions of the Scriptures among the heathen the words relating to Baptism.** Second edition. By John Dowling, A. M., pastor of the West Baptist Church of New York. Price 6 1/4 cents.

For sale by CANFIELD & ROBINS.

December 1. 37.

**A** t a Court of Probate held at Berlin within and for the district of Berlin, on the 26th day of June, A. D. 1839.

Present, JOSEPH WRIGHT, Esq., Judge.

Upon the petition of Sarah B. North, of Berlin, in the County of Hartford, shewing to this Court, that she is guardian of Georgiana M., Louisa B., and Caroline A. North, of Berlin, within said district, minors. That said minors are the owners of real estate in said Berlin, viz. One half of one undivided lot with the buildings thereon as tenants in common with William A. Churchill, bounded North and West on land of Samuel Booth, East on highway, South on William A. Churchill, containing about thirty rods of land. Also the Hooker lot so called, bounded North on Samuel Kelsey, and Henry Whiting, East on Cyrus Hart, Benjamin Hart, and persons unknown, South on Selah Hart and Horatio Grady, West on David Whittley, containing about thirty three acres of land, subject to the life estate of Sarah B. North, widow of William B. North, deceased, and under said incumbrance. Also the Eddy lot so called, bounded North on James and Martin Cowles, East on Ira E. Smith and Thomas Lee, South and West on lands belonging to the heirs of Chester Smith, deceased, containing about twenty two acres of land subject to the life estate of said widow. Also another lot so called, bounded North and South on land of Chester Smith, East on the last described piece and on land of Samuel Booth, East on highway, containing about seven acres of land subject to the life estate of said widow. Also that said minors are the owners of two or more building lots connected with the home lot belonging to said minors, bounded North on James B. Whaples and Truman Woodruff, East on the remainder of said home lot, South on the pass-way from the highway to the barn and that part of said home lot set to said widow as her right of Dower thereon, West on highway containing about two acres of land. Said described real estate is valued at about three thousand fifty dollars, said minors right at about two thousand one hundred dollars. That it will be to the advantage of said minors to have said property sold and the proceeds put out and secured on interest according to law, praying for liberty to sell said property for the sum aforesaid, as per petition on file. It is ordered by this Court, that said guardian give notice of said application, by causing the same to be published in one of the newspapers printed in Hartford, in the County of Hartford, three weeks successively at least six weeks before the hearing; and that said petition will be heard at the Probate Office in said district on the 31st day of August next, at 1 o'clock, F. M.